UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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UNITY.

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Ten weeks ten cents. UNITY will be sent ten weeks on trial to a new name for ten cents. Subscribers are invited to send lists of trial names. We offer liberal premiums for any number of trial subscriptions from one up; particulars sent on application.

Editorial.

A LOVER of the horse encourages the senior editor of UNITY, in his love for Jess, by a quotation from the Mohammedan Scripture, which says that "the blessing, the honor of the world, are hung on the forelock of the horse, unto the day of resurrection." Those who have no live horse from the forelock of which to gather such a desirable harvest, may be able to pluck the same from the forelock of some hobby-horse, which they are riding. Perhaps, the prophet plucked some such substitute in mine; at any rate, UNITY has its faith in even a hobby-horse well ridden and nobly cared for.

AT the late Ecumenical Council, Rev. T. B. Stephenson showed the audience John Wesley's Bible. It was a small, worn volume, which the great preacher carried about with him forty years. It was printed in 1665, by John Field, Printer to the Parliament, and was already one hundred and one years old when it came into Wesley's possession. Together with the written name on the fly-leaf is the inscription, "*Vive hodie*—Live to-day." The founder of Methodism is a noble example of the man who, living fully up to this motto when alive, lives on, and forever, in the grateful memory of mankind.

DR. KATE MITCHELL, of London, has been a recent visitor to this city, whose brief stay among us added one more to the number of earnest, intelligent young women of our acquaintance, whose lives are devoted to the high ends of culture and reform. Dr. Mitchell is especially known for her work in the lines of temperance and sanitary reform. She is the author of a book on the "Drink Question," and another on "Health for Women." She is also deeply interested in the labor question and other social problems of the hour. While in the city she gave several lectures, and her visit left a very pleasant impression. She is on a lecturing tour in this country and will return to England in the spring.

DR. RAINSFORD, in *Harper's Weekly*, shows how almost all the tenement houses in New York induce drunkenness and other crimes, because of their filthy condition. There can be neither privacy, decency or purity in such places, he declares. He does not, however, include all tenements in this grave charge, only about five hundred being what he calls very bad, deserving nothing but to be pulled down at once. Most of the evils in this direction are to be traced to the fact that the renting of tenements is good business for the landlord, whatever their condition. The tenants have neither the experience nor the strength to help themselves, and are at the mercy of their extortioners. The work of the social and moral improvement of these unfortunates must begin here. The influence of home conditions is the most permanent, as well as the most direct. Until people can be at least housed like human beings it is in vain to expect them to behave like moral, self-respecting citizens.

THE editor of the *Universalist Monthly* has a pregnant word to say on "Reform within the Churches, or the Religion of Interpretation." The latter phrase is very significant; a great deal of the religion of to-day, or at least of the theology, is that of interpretation chiefly, if we may judge by the controversies going on in the pulpit and press. As Dr. Crowe says, the churches still preserve their old creeds, while the minister in the pulpit preaches a religion that denies by direct statement or by strongest implication all its main tenets. More than this, those who listen in the pews accept, without fear or apology only that which their judgment and conscience approve, time and the progress of the individual sentiment having quite destroyed the *ex cathedra* character of the preacher's opinions. But in truth this individual sentiment has made itself felt in some degree from the beginning. Protestantism is based upon it, and even the religion it displaced suffered much disturbance from it. The mightiest thing in the world is a human thought; kings and councils war against it in vain.

THE *Methodist Record* thinks Sir Edwin Arnold can hardly be taken as authority on Christianity, but gives its approval to something he has lately been saying on immortality, and commends his words to the consideration of Christians. For ourselves, we like Sir Edwin's words on this subject because he makes just distinction in the use of that much condemned and misunderstood word, Agnosticism, making it define only the mind's present limits of knowledge, and freeing it from all dogmatic assertion either for or against any particular hope or belief. He cherishes a profound belief in the soul's continued existence after death, a hope he thinks mere scientific research can not satisfy; but here we suspect the word, scientific, is used in too narrow a sense, limiting it to mere technical knowledge, whereas it includes the entire field of human consciousness, the hopes and aspirations of the race as well as its more practical gains. It may be true, as we are told, that we can not wholly comprehend the soul's truth through materialistic agencies, but we are more indebted to these materialistic agencies for the higher helps to living—faith, worship and spiritual growth and vision—than we realize.

OUR yokefellow, Mrs. E. T. Leonard, contributes a very interesting and suggestive article to the *Register* of Jan. 14, on "Results of Reading." She claims that in these days when the utilitarian instinct prevails in every direction, and people are intent on estimating results in the reading they were once content to follow for recreative purposes alone, these results should not be looked for simply in the form in which the scholar and man of books finds them, but that they belong as truly to the man or woman engaged in practical affairs, where they take the form of renewed mental energy or freshened cheer and courage for the business of life. Mrs. Leonard also thinks that much good is often derived from the reading of books not counted among the best or most improving, according to literary standards. She quotes with approval a saying of Mr. Hudson's that "private thought makes the greatest demand on mental muscle," but urges that it is not literary work alone which helps the upbuilding of such muscle, and that "private thought must go on steadily to sustain the processes of skilled workmanship of any kind." There is much false worship given to the literary man, as to a being of superior and exceptional nature. Many a man and woman whose time is absorbed in material cares, with little opportunity for the direct pursuit of culture, are yet laying by results, both intellectual and moral, which make them the peers of the highest genius in the land.

SOMETHING should have been said in our columns before this, about the death of Dr. Mary J. Safford, the accomplished physician, student and philanthropist. Dr. Safford was first brought before the public during the Civil War, when she served as nurse, showing a heroism and faithfulness, together with a professional skill and knowledge, that won the highest encomiums on all sides. Her memory has been a precious possession to many a retired soldier, and her name, with those of many other brave and consecrated women, ranks high on the list of the patriotic defenders of their country. In Boston, where she lived so long, she was an active worker in many fields, bringing cheer and strength to many souls, true help and benediction wherever she went. Obliged in later years to live in the milder climate of the South, she led as useful and helpful a life there as elsewhere, and left a fragrant memory behind her. The numerous tributes to her work and character in the public press speak only words of warmest praise and admiration.

THURSDAY evening Jan. 21st, being Mr. Blake's fiftieth birthday the Sunday-school teachers decided to have a cosy little tea, in honor of the event, in the church parlors. Upon Mr. Blake's plate, with other remembrances, was laid a book of unique design. Upon one of the pages was fastened an ivy leaf with a fifty dollar note as a lining, and to several other pages gold pieces, all being the contributions of old and young in the society. After tea, friends began to "drop in" until Mr. Blake realized that he had been made the victim of a "surprise." A pleasant evening was passed, during which a poem, composed by Mrs. W. G. Wood, was read, which will be published in a forthcoming number.

"The Coming Climax."

Among the many phases of popular feeling to-day, an interesting one is presented in the book just published under the name of "The Coming Climax." The author, Lester C. Hubbard, is closely connected with the "labor movement," and the publisher tells us in the preface that no one is more competent to speak of "the purposes and the temper of the various associations of workers in city and country." His general object is to show the hostility between these workers and capitalists, and the great danger thus threatening the country. He says he has made "careful inquiry among intelligent and influential labor-leaders who are thoroughly informed on the subject—and they, one and all, declared that no language could fitly set forth the intense and steadily growing hatred of the workers for the present oppressive capitalistic order." This hatred is felt, he says, by "ninety-five per cent of the organized workers and farmers"; that is, as he estimated, by nearly 8,000,000 men among us.

Still more hostile feelings, if possible, does Mr. Hubbard find on the other side. He says that in the Chicago riots of 1877, "a score of millionaires" showed their eagerness to have the soldiers shoot workingmen. And when the commanding general refused to do this, he says: "The millionaires were most grievously disgusted. They wanted blood, and lots of it. Any one who knows the tigerish nature of the plutocrats, will bear out my affirmation that, if this good general had told them that he was compelled to open fire on the rioters with artillery, Gatling guns and musketry, and had killed two or three thousand men, women and children, the millionaires would have been delighted to the very bottom of their flinty hearts." Elsewhere he pictures the "plutocrat" with "his serpent brain and alligator heart"; and he says the millionaire "would remorselessly slaughter millions of lowly people, if he could thereby establish his tyrant rule on an unshakable foundation."

With such mutual hate on both sides, and when "neither side will

yield an inch," Mr. Hubbard naturally sees a terrific conflict impending. He proclaims this conflict in his opening sentence and says: "The presage of storm and portents of evil which prophetically announced the great war of the rebellion, were faint and few when compared with the omens of approaching convulsion which now challenge the attention of all thinking people whose logical faculties are not hopelessly drugged by selfish, personal interests." This approaching convulsion is the burden of the book, and sounds in the titles of half its chapters; such as: "The Mutterings of the Storm," "The Mustering of the Squadrons," "Nearing the Danger Line," "The Dread Dynamics of Hate," "The Impending Crash," "In Order of Battle," "The Gage of War," "The Dread Climax." The conflict is not indeed to be commenced by the workingmen, with all their hate; and he says: "If there is never a war in the nation until the farmers and workingmen begin it, our country has the assurance of eternal peace." But the capitalists are going to precipitate this war, by their further encroachments and use of military power; and so sure is Mr. Hubbard of this that he says: "This book never would have been written but for the author's firm conviction that the plutocrats intend to force matters with a high hand." Then all patriots must resist, and, in his words, "a national vigilance committee of the great plain people will be forced to step to the front." Those farmers and workingmen, in whom the country would otherwise have had "the assurance of eternal peace," will enter upon the most terrific of wars; and with improved bombs and dynamite to help them, will do such a work as no vigilance committee ever did before. In such a conflict, Mr. Hubbard says: "This continent will be drenched in blood from sea to sea, and it might perchance take a corps of surveyors a week to locate the site of the Chicago City Hall." Not that the destruction of the country would be final or entire; and he says: "While the great cities of the United States might be inundated with the revolutionary lava, and vanish as completely as did Pompeii and Herculaneum,—the vast rural districts need not necessarily be much disturbed by these metropolitan cataclysms, and after the storm was over, the farmers could come to town and build anew on the old sites." Even "dynamite the democrat," he says, "becomes the herald of the new cycle of peace." But such a way to peace is too costly, and Mr. Hubbard earnestly urges the great middle class to bestir themselves and, by proper legislation, try to avert this war which will otherwise surely come with more stupendous calamities than all that history has told.

So interesting to the social student is this book, as a revelation of the feelings of a class among us. Of course, too, it covers a truth. There is, and ought to be a wide discontent with the present distribution of wealth. We can not, indeed, agree with Mr. Hubbard when he says that "if the present drift of events goes on unchecked for fifty years more, the average American laborer will get ten cents for a day's work"; for so high an authority as David A. Wells tells us that in the thirty years previous to 1880, the average wages for our whole country increased about 40 per cent, and taking into account the decreased hours of labor and cost of living, he says it is probable that in the United States "the average farm laborer is 100 per cent better off than he was thirty or forty years ago." Still most workmen do not get the wages they ought to; and worse yet, many can not even get work. The old curse of poverty still survives; and though it probably prevails less widely than ever before, yet the multiplying millionaires make it more apparent and more unjust. Hence, there is much discontent, and just reason for it. There is much danger in the discontent, too, and need of books to give warning of it. It is probably well also, that books should now and then exaggerate the danger, and arouse society to see it and to avert it by wise measures.

Probably, too, some of the measures which Mr. Hubbard suggests are wise. Such things as coal mines and oil beds, which are an inexhaustible part of the earth itself, ought, as he says, to be owned by the public. Perhaps railroads and banks could also be better managed by government, as he urges. Still if government is itself so corrupt as he claims, we should gain little by putting more in its control. He says workingmen charge the government with "being run by chartered gangs of robbers"; and if that is true nothing would be gained by putting banks and railroads in its management. He says plutocrats "own the government," "own the judiciary," "own both the rotten old political parties"; and if that is so, their power would only be increased by enlarging the functions of government and transferring private industries to the field of politics. The trouble is not merely that millionaires bribe, but also that so many others are ready to be bribed. Plutocrats act on the same principles as half the people who complain of them. The millionaire may worship wealth, but many of his accusers show by their envy of him that they worship it too. So long as this holds, mere laws will help us little.

And it is doubtful whether Mr. Hubbard's sentiments are shared by so many workingmen as he thinks. Probably few of them believe with him in "the tigerish nature of the plutocrats," or that the ordinary millionaire "would remorselessly slaughter millions of lowly people." Even if they do so believe, probably most of them are too sensible to wage that destructive war, when they could win the desired end so much more easily. In Russia, there might be reason for war, or even for throwing bombs now and then; but what need of it in a republic where each man has a vote?

Let those 8,000,000 workingmen agree what they want, and they could carry any election. Indeed, President Harrison's votes altogether were less than 6,000,000. They could fill the legislatures with their own labor leaders, and these are supposed to be beyond the reach of bribes. The workingmen are too wise to put down plutocrats by bombs or bullets, when they could do it so much more neatly and cheaply by ballots. For them to bury Chicago and New York, like Pompeii and Herculaneum, under that "revolutionary lava," would be very foolish when they could save these cities for themselves, and hold their meetings in the marble palaces of the millionaires. Even to blow up one of those hated plutocrats by dynamite, would not be half so sweet a vengeance, as to reduce him to dependence and servitude by legislation. Let the labor organizations unite, and they could abolish all our laws and constitutions, and set up their millennium without delay. And probably most of them are wise enough to know that millenniums seldom work as well as was expected. Those most well-meaning French revolutionists, a century ago, thought they had established a most permanent and perfect one. Yet, it soon cut off their own heads, as Herbert Spencer says. Or, as M. Taine tells it, when they reached their visionary temple of freedom, they "found themselves in a slaughter-house where they became in turn butcher and brute"; and "through their maxims of universal liberty," they "inaugurated a despotism worthy of Dahomey, and raised human hecatombs like those of ancient Mexico." The most of our workingmen are probably wise enough to reform our social system by votes instead of bombs, and to reform it slowly; and if not, their leaders ought to teach them.

We want of course to work for wise laws which shall, as fast as possible, remove old wrongs and secure to each son of earth his due share of its wealth. Still more than laws, we want a public sentiment which shall exalt justice and honor, and make men ashamed to live in luxury at the expense of others, and ashamed to envy those who do. And, above all, we want teachings which shall appeal, not to the passions of any class, but to the minds and souls of all; and civilize, humanize and soften the hearts of capitalists and laborers alike.

H. M. S.

A Good Method.

In the report of the annual meeting of All Souls Church, Chicago, given in these columns last week, there occurs among the receipts for 1891, this significant mention, Missionary Section $1,208.18." This amount seems large for a small and young Western church not yet in its teens, but to those who heard the chairman of this section read her admirable report it would appear that it had been collected with comparative ease, indeed, that the dollars came rolling in of their own accord, and we suspect they did. And this is the way they were set rolling: In the early part of November, when the congregation had fully mustered for the winter, the minister preached his annual missionary sermon and put upon the consciences of the people the support of the missionary work, in its various branches. The immediate response secured more than half the amount asked for. A list of all contributors was then printed and sent to those whose names did not appear thereon, and gradually through the patient persistence of the chairman of the missionary section the grand total was reached before the annual meeting in January, and the money for the yearly contribution to the Western Conference, Meadville Theological School, Women's Conference, Sunday-school Society, Illinois State Conference, Holland Liberal Society and A. U. A., now lies in the bank ready to be checked out at the proper time. The two factors in this method are the courage to ask and the conscience and enthusiasm to respond. Happy for our general work when these are combined in one congregation. In this way, the church of moderate means leads the older and wealthier churches in missionary helpfulness. Have you tried it?

J. R. E.

MRS. LE ROW writes, "With the going-out of the old year, I begin the fifth thousand of my distribution of 'Daily Strength.'" Lo, what one pair of willing hands with a skilled head can do!

How far that little candle throws its beams;
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

WE must strive to develop the health and well-being of every individual. Every question ultimately becomes a moral question, and will finally have to be settled upon an ethical basis. It will have to be settled by thought, for thought rules the world. Improvement is possible, but no sudden transformation, involving change in the constitution of man, is possible.—*B. F. Underwood.*

THE heart of man, which is always led by its instincts rather than by its theories, is coming to see that to specialize Jesus as a God is to rob humanity of just that which Jesus came to give. But that to universalize him, to make him the typical man bodying forth the divine excellence in human terms, and upon the human plane, is to restore him to that highest of all heights, the divine, the God-like man. And thus the personal Jesus is passing out of sight more and more, and the universal Christ is taking his place, as man's noblest prophecy of his own possibilities and his highest inspiration to its fulfillment.—*Rev. J. E. Roberts.*

No more can a man keep his religion in a church, in a doctrinal statement, a profession, a Sunday, or a sacrament. His religion is the health of his being. To be real and vital it must be in himself; it must be the spirit or principle which inspires and orders his life; else he has no religion. Look not here, nor there; for behold the Kingdom of God is within you; and within you is the King and the law. Sharper than a two edged sword is that judgment of truth which divides religion from all external or internal substitutes for it; solemn as a voice from the Throne is the sentence that condemns all the usurping authorities of church or book, of creed or ritual, when these are set above the law written in the heart of man.—*Rev. Charles G. Ames.*

O, my friends, the world is full of good people, good as the world goes, good as the rich young man was good, who break no commandments, who neither falsify nor defraud, yet who do almost nothing to make the world better. The minority is small, still, who work to bring in God's kingdom and His millennial day, who are willing to carry the cross and burthen of the Ideal, who have to push forward to light and blessing those who should help, but who either rest like a dead-weight upon their generation or actively oppose themselves to the progress of truth.

Do not consent, my friends,—O, you that are young especially,—do not consent to be a part of that dead-weight or of that opposition to progress and to God! See that your life, if it is not service, is nothing. If to eat and sleep, to gather riches for your heirs to disperse, to delight eye or ear or any sense with pleasant things—if this is all your life amounts to, it is nothing. Truth only gives it real vitality; and to have helped on truth, to have made the world a little better, to have smoothed their path for those who shall follow us, is the only thing which, when we die, shall have given us a reason for being here or make us very welcome comers into heaven.—*Samuel J. May.*

Men and Things.

A THIRD copy of Matthew Arnold's prize poem, "Alaric," has come to light. It was supposed that there were only ten copies of this juvenile production in existence.

A SOCIETY has been formed in London for the purpose of erecting a monument to the poet, Shelley. Mr. Gladstone and the living poet, Swinburne, are among the projectors of the enterprise, together with several eminent literary men of Italy and other countries.

THE work of the Salvation Army in France is conducted at 216 stations and outposts, in twenty-three of the departments of France and ten of the Swiss Cantons. There are 430 French and Swiss officers aided by 300 local officers. Three Salvation papers, two in French, and one in German for North Switzerland, are issued, and 24,000 copies are weekly set before the people. The hymn book, recently published, has reached a sale of 84,000 copies in the year.

IT is said that the credit of preserving the home of John Brown from destruction belongs to Kate Field. After trying in vain, she says, to raise money for this purpose in Boston, she applied to a New York gentleman who immediately set about raising a subscription, $2,000 in all. The property is said to be now worth three times that amount. It is located at Elba, Essex Co., New York, and is one of the most interesting and sacred visiting spots to the American tourist.

Contributed and Selected.

New England.

Wherever thought is deep and strong,
Wherever conscience fights with wrong,
Wherever manhood dares to die,
And womanhood is pure and high;
On mountain-peak or plain or sea
The soul's one cry must ever be:
Thank God for old New England.

The warrior's sword and poet's pen
Are thine to wield, but only when
The cause of right demands the blow,
When thou wouldst lay proud error low;
Then only does thy face of love
Grow dark with sternness from above.
O, grandly great New England!

For those enslaved in life, in thought,
Thy blood, thy tongue, hath freedom bought.
The arm of justice in its might,
The thrilling voice of truth and right,
The patriot ardor, glowing warm
With courage calm in battle storm,
Are in the name, New England.

LEWIS W. SMITH.

Alexandria, Neb.

That Old Pipe.

The old, between their whiffs, advise the young not to become addicted to its use, nor to that of the almost equally filthy cigar. Example being more potent than precept, the boys smoke, ay *chew*—the *little* boys.

We tiresomely lugubrious writers descant upon the foolishness, ungentlemanliness and unmitigated nastiness of the tobacco habit; yet the high-toned novel of the day must not fail to provide cigar or pipe for its gallant knight, its noble youth, its ideal type of perfect manhood, and watch the circling wreaths of exhaled poison; perhaps, meanwhile, this so-called gentleman holds converse with his lady-love. The *real* youth reads, admires, and resolves to wrestle with his nausea and try yet once again to learn to smoke. A few brave efforts more,—success is won, manhood attained!

The very large majority of high-school graduates are girls, and they are better scholars than the boys. Why should they not be? But few of *them* have stupefied their brains or brought into their eyes the glaze of semi-idiocy by nicotine indulgence. I am not speaking unadvisedly. Tobacco, though evil, only evil, and that continually, is well known to do its worst work upon the brain and body that are not yet developed and matured. In many schools, comprising children from families of highest social rank, the boys who do not smoke or chew either openly or stealthily are a minority. The habit continued for a few boyhood years, makes investigation shows that it scores of bright healthy boys, physical and mental wrecks. "Mourn for the thousands slain!" Thank God for the growing sentiment against the drink trade and the drinking habits of this country; *pray* God to save us from tobacco.

Were it not for the greater injury, the yellow-toothed, beard-stained, juicy-lipped tobacco user does himself, that which he does his nauseated wife would be worth considering. Were it not that this abomination makes desolate, both mentally and morally, all of us who smoke not might well complain—ay, and we *will* complain. God's air was made for his children to breathe and to enjoy, and by what right is it polluted with these sickening fumes? Let the smoker show if he can that he has a social and a moral right to step upon the street with pipe-stem or tobacco-roll between his lips. Let him show that he has a right to smoke in his store or office. Let him show that he has a right to smoke in any room of his own house that is ever entered by any other person than himself. Let him demonstrate his right to smoke in any place on God's green earth, excepting in his pig-sty with his pigs—or there, if offensive to even their undainty nostrils.

What ruder, more ungentlemanly, more insulting question is asked than, "Is my smoking offensive?" Yes, my dear sir, decidedly. It stifles, chokes, irritates, nauseates. I have followed you upon the street, because I could not get past you, and because I had not time to wait until you and your fumes were well away; the mingled poisons of your smoke and breath have at each step been blown backward full in my face; I have tried to talk with you upon important business, but my utterance has failed me and my unconcealable distress has caused you in the goodness of your heart to blow one mouthful the other way until I had partially recovered. Thanks—but still, yes, offensive—very.

Lives there a maid with soul so dead, who ever to her beau hath said, "I like the odor of a good cigar?"

Minister of religion, thou that preachest a man should not drink, dost thou smoke, and *do others know it?* Thou, whose bowels yearn over the young of the flock, do those same lambs ever discover thee puffing thy Havana? And when they have followed thy example, and smoke has led to drink, and drink to deep, dark crime, and their blood comes to be required of thee, hast thou thy answer ready? It may be nearly time.

Business man of influence and of benevolent and philanthropic heart, burn up, by other than the slow process, the half of thy cigar if need be, before thou emergest from thy locked, hidden, smoking room into the light of day.

And thou, O gifted story-maker, if thy hero can possibly be a man without it, and worthy of a woman's love, in Cupid's dear name, *smash* his *nasty pipe!*

CHARLES OSCAR MASON.

Glen Falls, N. Y.

The Chilean War-Talk.

Two years ago this winter, our newspapers were full of accounts of the Pan-American Congress. None of the reports made to that congress received more favorable comment than the one insisting upon arbitration in all cases of international contest. Plans for a permanent tribunal to decide such contests were carefully considered by the committee, and there were many in this country, and doubtless also in the other countries represented, who hoped for the speedy establishment of such a tribunal.

How different is the tone of those newspapers just now, which are trying their best to create a war-spirit which shall demand that we declare war upon Chile! Putting entirely aside the question whether the results of the Chilean or of the American investigation are to be accepted, putting aside the consideration of the disparity of strength between the two nations, and of the unsettled state of the Chilean government, and ignoring, as unworthy of notice, the hints that our administration is trying to make political capital out of the situation, and granting that we have a grievance to redress—why not refer it, as two years ago we were agreed *all* grievances should be referred—to a committee of arbitration? The only answer I have seen, that "an insult can not be arbitrated," is worthy an old-time duellist, to whose ideas of honor it was necessary that every incautious speech or act should be wiped out in blood. Yet dueling has entirely disappeared from our civilized states, and the courts are considered to afford sufficient redress. If this is true for individuals, for corporations and for our United States, why should nations still resort to the barbaric method of previous ages instead of establishing a Court of Nations? The World's Congress at Chicago next year ought to result in a permanent "parliament of man, the federation of the world."

But, meanwhile, precedents and methods are well-established for the arbitration of such a quarrel as ours with Chile. It is said that the secular newspapers will not discourage war-talk because of the manifest interest in exciting news. But the religious papers should make a definite and vigorous effort to stem the rising tide of war and voice the opinions of the peace-lovers, who are really largely in the majority. That the religious papers can accomplish something when they are unanimous and earnest is proved by the recent ratification of the Brussels treaty, due largely to their efforts.

Therefore let no one, who has been sickened by war's horrors, at first or second-hand, perhaps through Tolstoi—let no mother or wife who can imagine the parting with enlisted sons or husbands—let no one with the Christmas echoes in his heart fail to protest against the present talk of war.

FLORENCE GRISWOLD BUCKSTAFF.

Correspondence.

DEAR UNITY:—It is a long time since I have sent you a friendly greeting, but not the less, do you hold a large place in my heart, and gladly do I welcome your familiar face, and most heartily do I wish for you a happy new year. Often have I thought of writing to you of our work here, but Haskell is a busy place and I have waited for a more convenient season; but having just returned from the first Indian Convention ever held, I think you will be glad to hear about it.

In order better to systematize the educational work for the Indian, during the past year the United States has been divided into four districts with an Educational Supervisor for each. This district consists of Kansas, Ind. Ter. and Oklahoma, and contains the two non-reservation, industrial schools of Haskell and Chilocco, the Memnonite school at Halstead and a number of reservation and denominational schools. The supervisor of this district is J. H. Richardson, an energetic, enthusiastic worker, reminding me in his looks and manners of our friend, J. Ll. Jones. To him is due the credit of this meeting, the first of the kind ever held. The Convention is divided into three sections, the superintendents, the teachers and the matrons. The discussions among the teachers were similar to what you would hear in any gathering of our public school teachers, but it was unanimously conceded that Indian children were much more easily governed than whites, though their peculiar natures need to be studied and respected by any one who would teach them successfully. They are moody and shy, extremely sensitive to ridicule, and not responsive to many of the appeals which would influence the average white school boy or girl. How to reach them is often a difficult question, yet one becomes singularly interested and absorbed in it.

Tuesday evening in the absence of Com. J. T. Morgan, who was not able to be present on account of illness, an interesting address was given by Mr. C. F. Mesure, Superintendent of Haskell, which, by the way, is second in size to Carlisle and numbers over 525 pupils, and I think some of the statistics which he gave will be interesting to your readers. There are in the United States 240,000 Indians, about a fourth as many as there are people in your own city of Chicago, and this small number constitutes the great and vexed Indian problem which has baffled our people for so many years. Counting 60,000,000 people in the United States there is one Indian to 240 whites! But to make the problem still smaller, of these Indians 180,000 belong to the civilized tribes, which receive no aid from the Government, leaving only about 70,000 to be wholly or in part cared for. Of these, 35,000 are of school age but at present there is school accommodation for only about 26,000, while only about 18,000 are in actual attendance. Some thirteen years ago this work of educating the Indian was begun. Congress appropriating $20,000. Last year something like $2,200,000 was appropriated.

It is too early yet to see any decided results, and great difficulty is found in forming any plans for employing returned students and preventing them from returning to the camp life. But though many do go back, yet they must retain much of the good they have received and they will not be prejudiced against the education of their children, which is often the case with their parents, and especially with the women. Tuesday afternoon we listened to some addresses by educated Indians. Mr. Herr, an Ottawan, the father of one of our bright Haskell boys who is in my High School class, spoke with great ease and dignity, telling how glad his people were to have their children learn the ways of white people. After him came Chief Keokuk, a fine looking man of some fifty years, who can not speak English, and some one said they saw him in blanket three years ago. It was pleasant to watch the play of feature as he spoke, oftentimes his eye kindling with enthusiasm. At the end of a sentence he would step back a little and Mr. Herr, who acted as interpreter, would step forward and with a little accent would begin. "He says he is glad his children can be taught white man's ways." This was the burden of their speeches. In the evening an Arapahoe who had been educated at the Memnonite school at Halstead, spoke. Also a little grandson of Chief Keokuk read a composition in a clear, distinct voice with admirable enunciation. Every word could be heard with ease, though he spoke in the Opera House.

Wednesday afternoon, the citizens of Arkansas City provided vehicles for the members to visit Chilocco, which is situated six miles south in the Indian territory on the Cherokee strip, a fertile piece of land sixty miles wide and three hundred long which will soon come into market, I suppose, when again the road, which that day looked so quiet and solitary, will be packed with a mad and struggling mass, as it was when Oklahoma was opened. Chilocco has about one hundred and eighty pupils, and I was impressed with the homelike, pleasant appearance of everything. The children looked happy and contented, and many of them were busy in the several shops and work rooms. Superintendent Coppock and his cultured wife, together with their teachers, seemed to be in love with the work and the children. The plans were there for larger buildings when more children will be accommodated.

But I am making my letter longer than I anticipated, and longer, I fear than the size of your paper will admit, so I will close for the present, but may have some word some time to say further of our particular work here.

SARAH A. BROWN.

Lawrence, Kan.

WHAT a discovery I made one day, that the more I spent, the more I grew; that it was as easy to occupy a large place and do much work as a small place and do little; and that in the winter in which I communicated all my results to classes I was full of new thoughts.—*Emerson's Journal.*

Church Door Pulpit.

"Severed from Christ."

SERMON PREACHED BEFORE THE FIRST UNITARIAN SOCIETY OF SALEM, ORE., NOV. 8, 1891, BY REV. H. H. BROWN, AND PUBLISHED BY MEMBERS OF THAT SOCIETY.

"Ye are severed from Christ, ye who would be justified by the Law; ye are fallen away from grace. For we, through the Spirit by faith wait for the hope of righteousness."—*Gal. v: 4-5.*

Paul had builded a church at Galatia and had taught to it his own faith — salvation to all the world. But in his absence, others had come and had taught the Petrine doctrine, that in order to become a Christian one must first become a Jew. Thus they had fallen away from the spirit of Christianity as taught by Paul, and were worshipers of the letter as taught by Peter. Paul therefore says they had lost their religion,—"were severed from Christ." Paul, with all his tendency to argument, was nevertheless spiritual. He realized that Christianity was an inward awakening and needed not the Jewish forms of expression. Peter, incapable of understanding anything spiritual, was a great stickler, as are all such persons, for forms. Paul had, by some spiritual manifestation, been re-born on his way to Damascus, and knew only the spiritual Jesus. Peter knew only the man Jesus, and must of necessity demand outward rite and name, while to Paul "Man was more than what is contained between his hat and his boots," and the only sign of Christianity was a spiritual one.

It was therefore natural that he should tell them they were throwing away the wheat and keeping the chaff of the new spiritual awakening, and that he should declare that in trusting in outward rite and in method, they were "severed from Christ." "The spirituality you once had has gone, since you instituted forms and began to quarrel about them. The Inward Light has departed from you."

This fact, observed by Paul in Galatia in the first century, is patent to the observer to-day, everywhere. In the worship of form, life and principle depart, and the more strenuously does the worshiper hold to the form. And this is equally true in state, church, school-room, the market, the home, and the reformatory field. Let us study the general field of reform in this light.

In every field the Pauls and Peters are at work. The first are teaching principles, knowing that they, once admitted into life as motives, will find ways of application, or make them. The Peters, by far the larger number, accept the principles and at once decide upon the only way of application, and in insisting upon that, forget the principle in the method, and thus destroy, by severing the reform from its Christ—the principle.

One familiar with the intemperate Temperance movements of the last fifty years realizes that the heat in them has been over methods alone. Prophets have stood on the hills and proclaimed the principles of sobriety, of self-control and of virtue, and, as of old, the priests in the valley have taken up the thought and said, "Yes, that is right. And we have the right way of application and all who do not work with us are not for temperance." In this spirit they have erected mills through which all who are not, in their estimation right, are to be turned into their hopper, ground out, and labeled by them "genuine"; the brand has been all for the principle soon departed. The whole movement has been characterized by such intemperance of spirit, as to destroy in a great degree, its usefulness. When we seek to compel men, we have ourselves come under the dominion of that same spirit we would exorcise in others. The result is such as we could have easily predicted, a feverish condition in society, reaction and failure. Reliance on method is the destruction of self-government, which is temperance. The substitution of external means severs the individual, or the association from the possession and practice of the principle involved. Much good has come from this movement, but it has all come indirectly in the education of the people and the development of self-control, largely in resistance to the encroachment on personal liberty. Only through self-responsibility is temperance possible.

As of this movement, so of all others. The tendency is ever to the dependence on external means of governments and thus to make institutions paramount to man. Liberty is exchanged for the mere privilege of living. Well said an English bishop recently, "Let England be free if she can not be sober." The free man will sometime be self-governed; the slave, never.

Man is not, that temperance societies may be made out of him. Men and women are not mere material, as many seem to think, just to make into churches. If we are to judge from pulpit utterances and the actions of church committees, the community exists that it may sustain the church. People must be brought into the church instead of getting the church into the people. Laws are made for people to obey and states exist that people may be governed. Rightly, laws should be, because people need them, and states that the people may be let alone to govern themselves.

The present Sunday movement is a return to the old Jewish idea Jesus repudiated, that man was made for the Sabbath. When institutions cease to be helpful they are to die. They have only one excuse for being —usefulness, helpfulness.

This tendency to ignore the individual is running riot in pulpit, press, platform and legislation, and it is time we began to say, "Halt." The pendulum of civilization has swung to the opposite end of the arc. Men must be made to do. Ways must be devised to make them do; to make them what the unco wise would have them. As Peter held no man Christian who was not a Jew first, so these would-be-saviours say, "You must first wear our ear-mark." "Come," says one, "be emasculated in character, sign our creed and give your reason into our keeping and we will measure to you the day's rations. Give us your conscience, take our name and be saved all personal effort toward manhood." Thus the revival saves him. "Sign the pledge, give us your will and you will be saved," says another. "Join our party and we will attend to your vote," says another. "Let me select your reading," says Wanamaker, "And I your money," says Congress, and it adds protection of workshop; while the city attends to your minor affairs of morals and your back yards. Thus, with no use for brains, you are good citizens. "Good manikins" say our governors in church and state, "we will from the thousand and one institutions in our syndicate, run pipes to supply you with thought and will for the day." Carried to its legitimate end, this is the result of that meddling spirit that is among us. It is over-legislation and over-doing we are now to fear. It is hard to stop when we have done a right thing. In belief in method, we are losing faith in man, in nature, in spirit. This reliance is severing us from the Christ within, which proclaims us individuals. The whole principle of delegated authority is wrong. No one can do my work for me. In the necessary division of labor I must not forget my self-responsibility, and I am responsible for my agents and am not to allow them to become my masters through fixed methods. Institutions are only half, and not the primary half, for man is first and methods next, and for his benefit.

The Christ of principle comes first in the heart, and it will find a way or make one. A fixed form closes the door to His entrance. This tyranny of form is the worst, because it is the most subtle of tyrannies. It is like the present wicked antagonism of labor and capital, wherein capital seeks to strangle its parent, without which it can not live. Methods once created are apt to exist for themselves alone and strangle the principles that create them. Any organization based on creed or platform necessarily begins to die as soon as born.

The history of all societies, be they churches, political parties, or charitable associations, is one: they bless a little while and then, because non-elastic, can not evolve; they crush out the spirit and become our curses. Such is the condition of most of the credal churches to-day. Such, most of the reformatory associations; a few have a dead and alive existence and excite our pity. While political parties, when the moral purpose is accomplished that gave them birth, fatten on "the spoils" that belong to the victors.

But all these are organized "for the people's good." Poor people! they do not know their own interests, and therefore priest, editor, teacher, reformer, legislator, think it their duty, not to teach, but to compel to methods which they think will make "the people" wise and good. They call this "protecting the people," and with this excuse they may do anything. "The people" don't know enough to protect themselves from quacks, and a commission is appointed to decide, not how much a man knows, but if he is sound in medical theology; if he is, he may take part in the monopoly of drugging and charging. Thus, all medical progress, outside the schools, is made impossible. One would think that a law to punish malpractice was enough for protection of the people; it would not, however, protect the doctors; poor things! But why protect here, and not elsewhere? We are in danger from quack carpenters, quack dressmakers, and quack preachers. A commission will soon be forthcoming to decide the kind of tool to use, the dress to make, the gospel to preach. All this claim to protection and to wisdom is at once seen to be worthless when the people appoint a commission to sit on the commissioners. Then we see that the people are supreme, and only require to be protected in their liberty. The system of external authority is a system minus a soul. In seeking help from what Paul knows as the law, civilization has wellnigh lost its life. Law has only one province, and that is, to protect our individuality; for liberty consists in being allowed to be what the soul finds it possible to be, under possible circumstances. As a guarantee of rights, law has its place.

But nature has her revenge. Amid all this tendency to paternalism, there is a great reaction to the other extreme, declaring for no method and no law. Well, which of the two is the worst? We shall die as a civilization under either. Too little external authority is as bad as too much. Under one, self-hood is lost in loss of self-control. In the other, it dies from lack of all control, and in a thousand years the result will be the same. Civilization is that golden mean, where external government is always a help to manhood, and never a hindrance.

One extreme always produces another. The present attempt to compel Sunday observance is already lessening respect for Sunday. Protection is increasing Free Trade principles; Prohibition causing disrespect and violation of law. In theological circles, attempts to enforce creeds, result in their abolition. Why? Because civilization lies only in the way the soul of man tends, and the soul will leap every barrier in its path. Paul understood this when he said: "Through the spirit, by faith, we wait the hope of righteousness." This is almost a scientific statement of the law of human progrers. Old forms die and new ones are builded from within by "The Indwelling God." This association, atom with atom, molecule with molecule, crystal with crystal, is therefore voluntary; that is, it is in obedience to inherent power. Human institutions should be builded by this same law of crystallization. All reformers and legislators must wait for this "hope" in the soul before they can build. Hope is of the Ideal, and that is to come. Righteousness never comes but it is always coming. Like every other condition of life it is only a present, between a less and more. It, like liberty, is an evolution. Salvation is therefore a continual process. "Man never is but always to be blest."

Hope comes by faith. By faith, all things come. The scientist and inventor work by faith. It is the basis of every experiment and the inspiration of every reform. Faith, not in form or creed; but faith in the Eternal Order, in Truth, in Right, in the soul and its ability to find the true and right. "According to thy faith," is a mandate of nature.

It is the faithless that fail. As external power increases, faith dies. One has only to look at present theological troubles to perceive how small in the church is faith. In all these discussions there is a lack of faith in God and man. God can not battle any more now than he could of old "against chariots of iron." His truth is too weak to stand without their particular organizations. The late Council at Washington showed a woeful lack of faith in free discussion, in scientific research, and worst of all in woman. "But they had faith in their church and creed" some may say. Let us not forget that faith is not calculation. There is no more faith manifested in these discussions than there is in a discussion of Spencer's philosophy or "The Origin of Species." "Faith is evidence of things unseen," and begins where belief ends. Belief is as far from faith as matter is from spirit, as thought is from machinery. Faith is a spiritual taking hold on God. Belief rests on creed, form, ballot, law; faith rests on God in the soul.

Faith must work with individuals, and all these attempted processes by which the masses are to be saved, be they revival, politics or pledge, have not God, in natural law, on their side and must fail. Paul's way of spiritual development is the only way. Intensify the spiritual life through better environment, and grow the man into self-government. He is saved when self-governed. Help men to this; we can not drive, and to attempt it is tyranny. Life unfolds from within and "if he has no law within," says Emerson, "there is no law to tie to."

While others have their work in other fields, I feel ours to lie in proclaiming liberty. Plenty are ready to put on the breaks; be it ours to supply motive power. Let us open the spring; those who choose may dig the ditches and force it to run therein, if they can. We have faith in the soul. It will find the right way.

We would not stop effort in the

realm of method if we could. Methods are needed and by natural selection the best will survive. Let us listen to the Inward Word. Defy repression by external authority and show the world that the soul can be trusted. We distrust all methods that show lack of faith in the God within. All reforms we espouse must be those that build a higher moral ideal in the man, and rouse in him a will to effort in the line of that ideal. All reform must be accomplished by rousing a love for the Good and the True. Give man this, and as yonder stream has cut its channel 185 feet below our beautiful Silver Creek Falls, so love will make its channel of outward expression. This love of God roused to white heat, the early Christian called the Holy Ghost; "Christ in the soul" and the man was re-born to a nobler ideal.

Reliance on externals kills this love; closes the channel of inspiration and "severs the soul from christ." Reliance on this inner light opens the door of communication. No matter what name we give the method, nor how it comes. It came and dwelt with the early Methodists until organization and sectarian spirit killed out "the spirit of the Lord." It came to the Quaker and went, to the early Presbyterian and went, to Whitfield, and went from his successors. It comes to the Spiritualist, but goes whenever he makes "communication" authority, as it went from Jew and Galatian Christian when they relied upon "the Law," and from Christian to-day when he relies on Bible and creed. It comes to Theosophy and goes in the same way, when folly shuts the door; and from the Christian Scientist, when in her egotism she thinks God has made her his especial messenger of truth.

But come or go, it is ever in the world; the childlike, trusting faith born in love of right. The ever present Spirit is constantly at work

"From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again and better still,
In infinite progression."

It needs no name or sign, asks no protection; it only asks freedom. Through each individual it does its work. Its manifestations are faith, self-reliance, self-respect, and rebellion against all that would come between the soul and its right to decide its own needs and means.

The true church stands for the spirit. Every day we shall more clearly comprehend the wisdom of the words in our Article of Union: "In the spirit of Jesus." His thought, his way may not be our thought and our way, but to be like him "in spirit" is to have "in love of truth," like Paul, the "hope of righteousness."

Our mission is to bring the Holy Ghost into everyday life; to open between God and man a deeper channel of communion; to awaken in men and women a sense of the nearness of the Spirit; to place in the hands of every child of earth, as far as we may, the cup of knowledge, that they may dip for themselves from the stream of living water as they may choose; to inspire faith in man and thus build up in them a personality for eternity; to make every one clean and sweet, because they love the clean and sweet; thus being self-reliant and self-responsible to find "Christ in them, the hope of glory."

MRS. BRISKIE: "Johnny, did the doctor call while I was out?" Little Johnny (stopping his play): "Yes. He felt my pulse, an' looked at my tongue, and shook his head, and said it was a serious case, and he left this perscription and said he would call again before night." Mrs. Briskie: "Gracious me! It was n't you I sent him to see. It wes the baby."

The Study Table.

The undermentioned books will be mailed, postage free upon receipt of the advertised prices, by William R. Hill, Bookseller, 5 and 7 East Monroe St., Chicago.

Sunshine in Life. Poems of the King's Daughters. Selected and arranged by Florence Pohlman Lee, with an introduction by Margaret Bottome, President of the order of the King's Daughters. Published by G. P. Putman's Sons, New York. pp. 381. Price, $1.50.

Beginning with Pope's Universal Prayer and ending with this stanza, by an unknown writer, called

A FRAGMENT.

I hear Hope singing, sweetly singing,
Softly in an undertone,
And singing as if God had taught her,
"It is better farther on."
Still farther on! Oh, how much farther?
Count the milestones one by one.
No! no counting, only trusting
"It is better farther on!"

which may be taken in its widest sense. This beautiful, tasteful volume holds between its covers such a variety of poems as should meet the needs of all sorts of persons. There is no sadness in their tone, but a brave up-reaching and out-reaching that is healthful and strongly needed in the world. The gleaning has been in wide fields, old and new, orthodox and heterodox,—only one could never "pick out" the latter unless he knew their author's names and religious standing. The compiler says: "The King's Daughters have always been in mind when selecting these poems. May those who have 'the beauty of holiness' grow in it, and *all* who read the book, cry with the Psalmist, 'Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us.'" Mrs. Margaret Bottome says: "So to make a good selection of poems is of better service often than to publish a volume of sermons." And, "As by our constitution, the first and chief thing emphasized as the duty of every member of the Order is 'the deepening of spiritual life,' the use of this beautiful souvenir will suggest topics of conversation, and fitly assist in arrangement and expression of thought for the hour, as well as furnishing the mind with each inspiration of faith and action that will better qualify the reader to meet the cares of everyday life."

These two bits of preface and introduction give the keynote of the book which will probably meet the needs and taste of not only the Order of the King's Daughters but a good many persons beside. The binding is purple and gray, with the silver cross of the order in the gray, and a radiating sun on the purple, and the uncut pages will complete the attractive "dress" for many.

J. S.

Thomas Carlyle's Moral and Religious Development. By Ewald Flügel. From the German, by Jessica Gilbert Tyler. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co. $1.00.

At the first glance this study of Carlyle from the German seems like a very small book with a very large name; upon deeper and more thorough examination the first estimate finds itself justified. The work is that of a cultured, appreciative student of Carlyle, though whether his appreciation comes through a genuine and generous valuation of the man himself, or because of Carlyle's exalted reverence for Goethe and Schiller, is difficult to discern.

Be that as it may, admiration and appreciation there are, and though Mr. Flügel appears but little in the book, an omission that perhaps deserves praise, it must be recognized that he has placed together in consecutive order, many of the most beautiful thoughts and stirring utterances of the great moral exhorter and teacher.

Any new word that will awaken interest in Carlyle's teachings must always be hailed with gratification, and with this hope in view his students and true lovers will welcome even this inadequate production, from which they themselves can get no clearer understanding of his religious growth. With all grateful acknowledgment to Mr. Flügel for an effort in a right direction, let those who would know truly Carlyle's moral and religious development, look for it in his own splendid volumes, written as nearly as any books ever were, with the author's "heart's blood;" together with Froude's much abused "Life and Letters." Read deep enough the song swells into an anthem of encouragement to all those who labor and who wait.

E. E. K.

American Literature. By Julian Hawthorne and Leonard Lemmon, Superintendent City Schools, Sherman, Texas. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. Price, $1.25.

This elementary text-book will be of value for school use and for youthful readers. It is the joint production of a prominent writer and practical educator and is based upon the theory that in literature thought is the vital thing, and that poetry is more than an illustration of rhetorical and metrical rules. The forty or more illustrations are creditable and enhance the interest of the book. The plan is admirable. In addition to the general survey of American literature, the works of a few leading writers are analyzed and pertinent questions added, well calculated to cultivate the critical judgment of the pupils and to be models for the study of other writings. Poe, Emerson, Bryant, Hawthorne, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier and Bayard Taylor are thus distinguished.

Sometimes the critic is enticed from the smooth path of elegant English by the desire to be impressive, as when he denounces the slang, *patois* and vulgarity of Walt Whitman's braying fog-horn and barbaric yawp. This so-called poet's egotism is declared only commensurate to his ignorance, and his failure to appreciate culture due to his inferior attainments. Southern prejudice is betrayed in the assertion that Daniel Webster's only aim in his 7th of March speech was to "utter the truth as he saw it"; and that "a more emotional, impassioned, one-sided book was never written than Mrs. Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,'" but in the main the criticisms are just and appreciative.

E. A. W.

The Abandoned Claim. By Flora Haines Loughead. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth. Price, $1.25.

A story of young people, for young people, wholesome in tone and very instructive in "ways and means" of California life on a claim where fruit and flowers are raised. Two boys and a girl, the oldest only fifteen, are left practically orphans by the sudden stroke of paralysis which renders their father a helpless inmate of a hospital, their mother being dead. On the advice of a friend, their schoolmaster, they leave the city and take up (with some legal risk) an abandoned claim. Fortunately they find a wise, staunch friend in Dr. John, a middle-aged physician. Their daily life, ups and downs, but sure progress towards prosperity and happiness, make up the book. To be sure, they are remarkable children, with very old and wise heads and hearts, and the reader may perhaps wonder if such another trio exists; but they are wholesome, practical, high-minded, lovable examples for any "young people" who may read this entertaining book.

A Woodland Queen. By Andre Theuriet. Published by Chas. H. Sergel & Co., Chicago. Paper, 221 pages. Price, 50 cents.

As the name of the author will indicate, this is a French story. There is a good deal in it that is strong, pretty and moral (as is the heroine), but it is also true that much of the story hinges on that which is immoral. To those who like French stories this book may not prove very objectionable; but to others it will not seem worth while to read it, with so much better stories equally at their command.

THE Open Court Publishing Company has just issued a one-volume edition of "The Lost Manuscript," by Gustav Freytag, and in so doing has served the interests of the reading public. This story is of an unusually high character and has the elements of greatness, and fully deserves to be put in this cheaper and more accessible form. Cloth. Price, $1.00.

DR. MUNGER'S religious books have reached a wide popularity and still continue in favor. His "Appeal to Life," the last issued volume of his sermons, has reached the seventh edition; "Lamps and Paths," sermons preached on Children's Sundays, is in the eighth; "The Freedom of Faith," his fisst book of sermons, in the nineteenth; and his book for young people, "On the Threshold," has reached the twenty-fourth. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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Notes from the Field.

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M. H. PERKINS, *Treas.*

St. Anthony's Park, Minn.—The second annual meeting of the Church of Our Father was held January 12th. Reports from the chairman, clerk and treasurer of the Board of Trustees, and from the chairman of the educational, social, charitable and missionary sections of the church work were submitted, all showing gratifying progress in each department. The society has about sixty members in a community of 1,000, with four other churches. The activity in the various departments of the church work during the year has been great, and the influence of the society has been felt very strongly in this place. Last fall a small, one-story hall, with seating capacity for about 200, was built. It is equipped with a first-class system of heating and ventilation, and has many conveniences, including a hardwood floor. Its cost, including all furnishings, lights, seats, etc., was a little less than $750. This hall is used for all purposes of public gatherings. During the year no pastor has been employed. but sermons have been delivered every Sunday afternoon. Included among those who have generously aided the development of this church by conducting Sunday services, and by their sympathy and encouragement may be mentioned Rev. S. M. Crothers and W. S. Vail, of St. Paul, and Rev. A. M. Simmons and S. W. Sample, of Minneapolis. Every liberal minister of the twin cities, and many from other cities have preached one or more times for The Church of Our Father during the year. With the sympathy, interest, and active co-operation of these ministers added to the work we do ourselves, we are bound to succeed, writes our correspondent.

Boston.—Pundita Ramabai writes to Boston of her summer vacation among the Indian mountains for some of her pupils, the others going to their homes. Her new house will be repaired and ready to occupy after vacation, and old and new pupils are rejoicing in the near prospect of living in it. The *Madras Mail* gives the opinion of many prominent Englishmen and natives that the school is a great success and is national in its effects.

—The Meadville endowment fund stands $40,000; J. F. Clark fund, $8,300; F. H. Hedge fund, $23,700; General fund, $72,000 total.

—The Boston Association of Ministers presented a large silver "Loving Cup" as a parting gift to Rev. Brooke Herford and bade him "Godspeed" by singing together "Auld Lang Syne," and all drinking a sip of cold water from the cup.

—The Monday Club lately discussed "A helpful critic, a minister's wife."

—Rev. E. A. Horton will begin on February the first, his duties as executive agent of the Unitarian Sunday-school society, and Edwin J. Lewis, Jr., is made its secretary.

—Two hundred members of the Unitarian Club, met at the "Vendome" to hear Prof. J. G. Shurman, of Cornell, Pres. Eliot, of Harvard, Rev. M. J. Savage, and others, speak about the coming religious beliefs of English speaking people.

Omaha, Neb.—The Omaha *World-Herald* will print Rev. N. Mr. Mann'a sermon's entire every Monday morning through the year. The *World-Herald* demonstrates the wisdom of its management in its issue of January 11, which contains Mr. Mann's sermon of the day before in which he discusses the development of the God idea. He brings out a noble statement of "The Living God." He says: "It is a maxim of universal acceptance that it will be well with the righteous and ill with the wicked. To every experience there is revealed within the current of human life a power that loves righteousness and hates iniquity. In all ages and lands it asserts itself, an absolute authority above human law, above the conscience, upholding only the truly good and bringing to naught even that evil which men in their blindness have called good. Not what merely seems to be right, but what is right, has the universe on its side. If gravitation and chemical affinity are indifferent to morals, there are higher forms of force which are not indifferent, and which make themselves felt in all years and in all lands. 'What a man sows, that must he also reap,' is not a mere saying without force of law. It is an edict backed up by an eternal, inexpugnable power, which by this manifestation of itself is forever verifying its existence."

Fairview, O. T.—In responce to a communication forwarded to the Western Unitarian Headquarters a few weeks since, a package of Sunday-school literature was forwarded to Fairview, Oklahoma Territory. A letter just received acknowledging the receipt of the package gives the following report of the conditions under which the Sunday-school is started. "Unfortunately we have had strong opposition from the Methodist camp. They held protracted meetings in the school-house all last week, and at the last meeting, Saturday night, warned the people to beware of the infidels that were going to start a Sunday-school on the morrow"! Notwithstanding the opposition, the friends of the school rallied and send for "a few more copies of Unity Services and Songs for Sunday-schools."

Davenport, Iowa.—Sunday, Jan. 10th, Rev. Arthur M. Judy preached a sermon on the Russian famine, making an appeal for the sufferers. The response was a collection, which, with a few dollars added by members, not present, amounted to $202.50, including $25 from the Sunday-school. The net receipts at the annual fair given in December, were $624. The Sunday-school and church greatly miss the presence and influence of their fifteen young men and young women who are now away at school or college, but rejoice to have them there.

Humboldt, Iowa.—A welcoming service to new members was held at this place on the 17th inst. The church was beautifully decorated with cut flowers procured from greenhouses by a liberal member of the congregation. After a strong sermon by the pastor, setting forth the mission of the liberal church and the value and significa-tion of uniting therewith, thirty-three new members were welcomed to full fellowship in the church and the cause it stands for.

G. S. G.

Announcement.

There will be a meeting of the branch of the W. W. U. C. at the Third Unitarian church, February 4th. Luncheon served at half-past twelve. Literary exercises will commence at 2 o'clock. Subject of the afternoon, "Channing and His Time."

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Fri.—I believe progress consists in an increased ability to achieve.

Sat.—In every man lies the Infinite.

—*E. P. Powell.*

A Letter From Italy.

MY DEAR NEPHEW:—I am going to write my Sunday letter to *you* this time, because I did something this last week which I think will interest you. I went to visit some Italian schools. They are kept as a sort of missionary work by some good Italian people who are Protestants. You know that in Italy most of the people are Catholics, and until very lately they have not been *allowed* to be anything else; but there are a few who have remained Protestants in spite of all sorts of hardships and terrible persecutions. They are called Waldenses or Vaudois—"people of the valleys"; and for centuries they have lived up in the valleys of the mountains in the north of Italy, where they have suffered greatly from many privations. But they have kept their faith pure, and have maintained a high standard of education among themselves.

I think you might like to read about the Waldenses in the encyclopædia. Also there is a story about them by Rev. Edward Everett Hale, called "In His Name," which it is interesting to know has been translated into Italian. We have it in our library, and I think you may like to read it. Perhaps your mamma will just glance at it to see if you would find it interesting. At any rate, the history of the life and hardships of the Waldenses, in order to keep the religion which they believe to be true, is very interesting in itself.

Within the last twenty years there has been religious liberty in Italy, so now the Waldenses have many of them come down to live in the cities. They have founded schools for young children, and colleges to educate ministers so that they may start churches all through Italy. Now they have forty-four churches, sixty-five day schools and fifty-seven Sunday-schools in Italy, besides fourteen evening schools. This is a great work of usefulness because the people of Italy have been kept very ignorant until lately, and have not been allowed to think for themselves at all. About thirty years ago a cabinet-maker whom one of my friends here knew, was put in prison for reading the Bible. Therefore, now, that there is a chance, the Waldenses are doing a great deal of good. But they are very poor because they all had to live in the mountains for so many generations; and they are obliged to have help for their schools from the English and Americans, who are also Protestants; especially from people in Scotland, who believe most nearly as they do.

Because I am a Unitarian, I do not believe the same that they do; but I am so sure that they are doing a good work here in Italy, that I feel much interested to help them.

It was to their schools that I went last Wednesday with a gentleman who knows the minister at the head of them. He is the Rev. Mr. (Signor, they say in Italian) Luzzi; and he is a very lovely man. There are five schools in one building, and it is interesting to know that this great building was once the palace of an archbishop who was very active in the Inquisition; that is, in persecuting all people who did not believe just what the Roman Catholic Church told them to believe. It is satisfactory to know that the palace is now devoted to this missionary work of the very kind of people who were once persecuted.

It also contains a college for ministers where the students and their professors live together; and three young ministers have lately been sent from there to work among the Italians in America. You see it is a very large building; also it is around a beautiful great garden which gives lots of fresh air in the midst of the city, and where the children can play.

We went first to the lowest school. It has about sixty children, and reminded me of our Kindergartens, when the teacher took up a figure of a cow and asked the children its name, and about its eyes, ears, etc. I could understand just enough of Italian to know what she was talking about. Also, it was good fun for me to hear her ask in Italian about horizontal and perpendicular lines.

In the next higher room I wished that I could count in Italian as fast as a little boy who went up to one hundred, and was only about six years old. I thought the children there read right off quite as fast as the children of their age can read English in our schools. In the next room they were having an arithmetic lesson. A boy at the blackboard subtracted 735 from 2,520 and explained every step. In that room they did some very fast addition in their heads. Also, they sang me a beautiful hymn such as they sing in their Sunday-school, to which all the children of the day school are expected to come. In the room above that, there was some very good reading and writing; and in the highest there was a geography lesson. A girl bounded Italy on the map, just as you would the United States, and told about its mountain ranges.

The children in the highest room were about twelve years of age. After that they, most of them, have to go to work. If they can study longer, they go into the state schools.

I hope I have not made too long a story of all this; but I thought you would be interested to know that they do about the same things in the schools here that you do in America.

Most of the children in these schools have Catholic parents who like to have their children educated in the Protestant way because they believe in thinking for themselves.

The Catholic church is a very different thing in America, because there we have freedom of thought, and religion has always been entirely separate from the government.

Here in Italy, the government has only been independent of the Roman Catholic church since Victor Emanuel began to reign, and Italy became united in one kingdom about the year 1870. It is all a very interesting history; and one of these days when you know about it, you will not wonder that you have now had this long letter from

AUNT HARRIET.

Florence, Italy, November, 1891.

A FAMOUS artist once painted an angel with six toes. "Who ever saw an angel with six toes?" people inquired. "Who ever saw one with less?" was the counter question.

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